

From Feathers to Scales

by Moonlight Marching

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Summary: This is a Maximum Ride/H2O Crossover. An avian-human named Ava is sent to Australia, where she inadvertently becomes a mermaid. She then has to figure out how to hide a pair of wings, and stay away from the water. Not to mention she has two scientists watching her every move in her own house...

1. Chapter 1

****AN:** This is my first crossover, so excuse me if it's half par, or not very good. I had asked a friend of mine a good book to do a fanfic on, and she insisted on a crossover, a H2O and Maximum Ride Crossover to be exact. Yes, I know, strange, but still, pretty unique all in all. This fanfiction will follow an OC of mine, Ava Fleck. None of the Maximum Ride Characters will be in here, but Cleo, Rikki, and Bella from H2O are going to be in, along with the guys. I might bring in a few MR characters later. ******

****Disclaimer:** I do not own anything in this story, save my OC******

****I am completely fine with constructive criticism, and the such. Help me make this the best Crossover possible! :) Here we go.****

The girl sat stubbornly in the chair of the Schools holding room, thinking over the recent events. The whitecoats had acted strange as of late, putting her in a white t-shirt, jeans, and a brown half jacket, instead of the usual blue lab dress she'd been wearing for as long as she could remember. The tests had stopped, and two new whitecoats had started spending an unusual amount of time with her, and telling her in faux excited voices that she was getting out of this place, and explaining what was going on. As far as she could glean, the truthful parts of it were these points:

~She, in fact, was leaving

~They were sending her to Australia

~ And the two dippy whitecoats that had bothered her enough already, were coming with her.

The purpose and reason for them sending her away instead of continuing their usual tests and operations on her, though, was still in the dark. They'd even started calling her by the name she'd given herself at a young age, being tired of being called Subject X 56. Ava Fleck. Ava had just come to her, and fleck simply came from the reason she was at a mad scientists lab in the first place. Her wings. With nearly 18 feet to her wing span, her wings where a bright white, flecked with black spots all over. At the moment, they were safely tucked under her shirt, jacket, and tank top, to the seeming relief of the scientists. She'd have to cut holes in the backs of every shirt they wanted her to wear for her wings later. Right now, one was coming up to her. Lifting her chin defiantly, she realized it was the male white coat that had stuck round her like glue. He called himself Jakob. The other one that followed him around, the woman, called herself Kathryn. They'd both told her their last names were Fleck. She ignored that part, convinced they were probably trying to convince her they were her parents. But she knew. She had no parents. She was a test tube baby, and nobody could convince her differently.

"Time to go, Ava," Jakob said, using his annoying 100-watt smile that always managed to merely tick Ava off.

"Fine," she snapped, standing up. Anything to get out of this place, even if it meant going with these two half pints. Both were at least half a foot shorter than her. She let them lead her out of the School, though she could almost smell the two Erasers following behind them. Ava slid into the black van of a car, leaning forward so she wouldn't have to have her weight against her wings. She yawned, watching as the two whitecoats got in, and started the car. She sighed, content to wait until they got to Australia, though she knew they'd have to take a plane, she's rather have flown there. It seemed the whitecoats didn't trust her. She didn't blame them. She'd forced them not to, after all.

Ava looked out the window as the plane landed. The plane ride had been extremely boring, as most of it had been spent with Jakob and Kathryn forcing her story down her throat. Her name was Ava Fleck. She'd moved here from America with her adoptive mother and father, Jakob and Kathryn Fleck. She was seventeen years old, and in her senior year of high school. How exactly the white coats expected her to know anything, was beyond her. They had told her she would just know the answers, but as far as she was concerned, that made no sense at all. I mean, nobody could just know things, could they? Maybe the whitecoats had done something to her brain. She turned and asked Kathryn about it, and confusion flickered on her face before she pushed it impassive again and answered.

"Of course not, sweetie."

So, they messed with my brain. At least homework will be easy. And, even better, if I go stark raving mad, they get to deal with it.

Again, hope this was okay. Please Review to tell me what you think of it! I want to make this as good as possible.

2. Chapter 2

****AN:** Chapter 2! Sorry if this took a little while. I told myself I would wait until I got some reviews to post a new chapter, and I kinda forgot my password for a while, then I found it, came on here, and whatdoya know! 2 new reviews, and heck of a lot of PMs. :) So, here's chapter Two, remember to review, and I hope you like it!**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own anything but Ava, Ava's House, and her 'parents'**

The next morning, I awoke to a banging on my bedroom door, and a whitecoat shouting at me to get up. I lifted my head from the pillow, having been sleeping face down on the tortorously comfortable bed, to avoid the contrastingly uncomfortable feeling of laying on my wings.

"Ava! You've ten minutes until breakfast, then you must spend the say familiarizing yourself with your surroundings. You've got school starting tomorrow."

I rolled out of bed, stretching my wings wide in my long and large room, probably that size so I could have a place to do just what I was doing now. The shorts and tank top I slept in, though strange feeling, were an exreme relief, having spent my whole life in a white dress the whitecoats had constantly kept me in.

Sitting back down on the bed, I took a look around the room. I hadn't looked at it at all the night before, exhaustion and a real bed being my immediate concern. The whole thing was blue, well, by whole thing, meaning the walls. A nice, clear ocean blue. Like Hawaii ocean blue. All the furniture was made of some dark wood. There was a door on the far side of the room that led to a bathroom, probably, and a dresser stationed right next to it, a blue cloth atop it, and pictures (obviously Photoshoped) of me climbing a tree when I was about five, one of me and my two 'parents' at the beach (ya, right!) and one empty frame I supposed I was expected to fill in myself. There was a desk near the door, complete with a laptop, and a bookshelf, with tons of books I didn't recognize. Not that that meant anything, as I'd been trapped in a lab my whole life. Going over, I picked one up at random. City of Bones? I thought, flipping through the pages. At least it wasn't a documentary on birds or something.

Setting the book on my bedside table, I went to the dresser and pulle dout a random t-shirt and jeans, getting dressed. Shoes were in the bottom of the drawer, and I quickly pulled on a pair of black flip-flops, going ot the bathroom, which had a shower, bathtub, and all the usual shibang a bathroom had. I found a brush in the cabinets under the sink, aloing with some of what I assumed was feather care items, shampoo, conditioner, and other things I probably was expected to use but couldn't even name.

Bracing myself, I went to the door and opened it, going down the stairs and looking around, seeing what was obviously the front door, and a few other doors that led to unknown rooms. It took me a few tries to find the kitchen, but I eventually did, finding Kathryn cooking some toast and eggs. I raised an eyebrow. I didn't even know

she knew how to do anything otehr than ruin children's lives by experimenting on them before they even had an concious brain.

"Eat," Kathryn said. "Nourish yourself." Rolling my eyes, I picked up the plate she had heaped sky high for me, and sat down at the table to 'nourish myself', digging right in. According to the white coats, I had a high metabolism, burned energy faster, and a bunch of other scientificy sounding words I don't care about the meaning for. All that I cared about in that subject was simply that I ate alot. So what? Fat men eat alot, but nobody follows _them _around and contemplates why.

I quickly finished my food, swallowing some OJ and stood, leaving my plate and cup for Kathryn to clean, running back upstairs, worrying where Jakob was. What if he was in some secret room with moniters and there were cameras everywhere and he was watching my every move? Shaking the idea from my head, I went into my room, going to take a quick shower, my mind turning to wondering when my last shower was. I guess it was a month ago, but I wasn't sure. I dressed once more (at least they had the decency to cut wing holes in the back of my shirt) and sat down on the bed, spreading my wings out to let them dry, picking up the City of Bones off my bedside table and reading the first few chapters, until Jakob knocked on my door and shouted;

"By familiarizing yourself with your surroundings, I meant _outside_ this house."

"When you figure out how to hide my wings, sure!" I shouted back. "Because a t-shirt won't cut it!" I shut the book and stood, folding my half dried wings to my back.

"There are sweatshirts in your dresser. Second drawer down."

Sighing, I went back over to the dresser and pulled one out. It had some riding stables name on it, and a galloping horse in the background. _So, _I thought. _I ride horses now to! _Pulling it over my head, I went to the door and pulled it open, pushing past Jakob and walking moodily down the hall. I'd been hoping to just stay inside and not have to face people. Normal people. Lucky ones. Whatever you want to call them. I took the stairs at a slow pace when I realized he was following me, so he was forced to wait behind me.

When I finally reached the bottom, I went to the front door and yanked it open, stepping outside and slamming it closed behind me. By the stuffy feel of the jacket I knew there weren't wing holes in it, so that meant no quick escape if needed. I wandered down the street aimlessly, bored already. Putting my hands in the jacket pocket, my hand brushed something metal. Eyes narrowed, I pulled it out. A cell phone. _Definatly tapped, _I thought. _And most likely has a tracker on it. _I put it back in my jeans pocket and shrugged. Not that I cared. As long as I wasn't in the School, I would go with whatever they wanted. If they tried to bring me back, however, I would fly away. Simple. They'd never catch sight of me again.

After a while, I looked around to see where I was, frowning when I realized I had no idea. I saw some kind of what I thought was a resturant nearby and looked up at the sign. _Rikki's? _I thought, going over and pushing aside the bead curtain, stepping inside. It

seemed to me to be more of a surf shack or something. Though, it was on the beach, so it made sense at least. I shifted uncomfortably, holding my wings as still as possible under my sweatshirt. The last thing I needed was for somebody to see what they thought was my back moving underneath my clothes. _I don't even have any money, _I realized, backing up and turning to leave the... place. And ran straight into three girls that had been walking inside.

"Oh!" I said, backtracking. "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean-"

"Why don't you watch where you're going, huh?" one said, a girl with medium length blonde hair and punk clothes.

"Rikki..." a brown haired girl moaned, rolling her eyes.

"What, the American shoved me!" Rikki said, looking at the brown haired girl.

I narrowed my eyes. "The _American_ already said sorry, and I didn't _shove _you, I _ran into _you. Big difference."

"Cleo, why don't you and Rikki go and get a juice?" The third girl jumped in, this one having longer blonde hair. Cleo nodded and took Rikki by the arm, leading her away, her protests drowned out by the others of the restaurant chatting. Once they were gone, the third girl turned to me.

"Sorry," she said. "Rikki's not usually like that. My name's Bella. What's yours?"

"Ava," I said shortly, still a bit peeved about that Rikki chick, who either owned the restaurant, or was the inspiration for the place. "Ava Fleck."

Bit of a abrupt ending, but you just have to deal, because I'm writing this. lol, I don't usually do that, I swear. I do hope you review, and you like it, or on second thought LOVE it! I'll try to post more soon!

3. Chapter 3

**N: :) Chapter 3. Sorry to those who get irritated by chapters lacking names, I've barely got time to type this, let alone think up a name for it. Also, sorry this took so long, I had a few weeks where I couldn't bear the site of my writing. Major block. That, and this, truthfully, I feel isn't my best work. I'll work harder, and make it better, I promise. I hope you guys like this chapter though! **

I left Rikki's shortly after that. Bella had wanted me to stay, but I didn't. I just needed to get out of there. Too many people, too many unfamiliar, possibly hostile faces. I needed to find some remote place to stretch my wings, somewhere nobody would find me. But where? All I know of this place was the house, and that Rikki's place. And not very well either. It's not like I could find my way from point A to point B. Well, _they _hadn't given me a curfew, so if I got lost, no sweat. Wait till dark, then fly for it.

Wandering, I found an empty stretch of beach and smiled. If it was empty for long enough, I could take off and fly just above the

clouds, where nobody could see me. It'd be a nice difference from flying inside a building, where I have too little room for my liking. Shrugging, I bent and rolled up my jeans, my feet slipping in the soft sand of the beach and walking quietly, looking around.

Jakob had said I'd be in my senior year of high school here. I was guessing that either meant last, or pretty darn close to it. It was January, so I was hopping in during the middle of the school year. Which mean I was the new kid. _Fun._ That was never good. Plus, I must be expected to wear a jacket anytime I'm not in that house, and it was going to get _really_ hot in the summer. At least it was generally okay at the moment. Nice and cloudy. I was fine as long as it didn't rain. Rain would flatten out my jacket, and make my wings visible, not to mention the fact it would wet my wings that I doubted were even completely dry from the shower yet.

Looking around, I saw nobody was in sight. Smiling, I pulled the sweatshirt over my head, stowing it under a bush, and putting the cell phone with it. Then, smiling, I slowly opened my wings, reveling in the feeling of _fresh outside_ air running through my feathers. I ran towards the water, flapping my wings lightly, my feet already being lifted from the ground with the wind. I jumped just as I stepped into the water, my wingtips brushing the waves as I rose quickly into the air, and just as a head popped up above the water, only about twenty feet or so above me.

I yelped. A bad decision, as the person looked up. Turning my head quickly away so he, or she, couldn't see me, I shot towards the clouds, only glimpsing a short-haired blonde head, and muscular shoulders before hitting the clouds, zooming through the air at such a speed my wings only grew slightly wet with the cloud water. News flash to those of you who have always wanted to jump on a cloud. You know who you are. Clouds are, and always will be, of _water_. _No matter what you think, they're not soft. You can't lay on them, and I don't suggest trying to, unless you're suicidal, and want to die a terrible death.

_Ava, _I thought. _You. Are. Dead. You've barely been here one day, and you've already given one person a nice clear eye-full of your wings. _All I could do was hope the scientists never found out. That boy would be around town before you could say deoxyribonucleic acid, raving that he'd seen an angel. Or _whatever _he thought he saw, considering most angels don't have black spots on their wings. Even worse, if he saw me and town, he might recognize me. _Maybe I should cut my hair, _I thought, running a hand through my windblown brown locks.

Sighing and rubbing my eyes, I saw a, a... _something _in the distance. Looking again, I realized it was an island. An island completely covered in trees. An island that looked completely uninhabited. A perfect place to rest my wings, a wait until dark, when I could go back and retrieve my jacket and cell phone. Diving back below the clouds, I landed quickly on the shore, folding my wings and scanning the trees, looking for anything relatively _human _related. Seeing nothing, I walked carefully towards the trees, slipping a bit on the soft white sand. The island was beautiful, and I sat down at the edge of the trees, unfurling my wings, laying them out to dry. Leaning my head back against a tree, I closed my eyes.

Suddenly, I heard a sound like a motor engine. I lifted my head, seeing the sun had moved a long way across the sky. How long had I been asleep. Wincing, I stood quickly, pulling my wings in and running to the trees, crouching underneath a bush and looking out. A boat was fast approaching from the west, the water trailing in its wake a froth of white bubbles. My wings twitched nervously, and I backed up slightly as they came closer, not stopping until I was sure I was completely hidden, my feet pressed against a tree, and my body underneath a thick bush. I had a near perfect view from under the fronds.

"So," one said as the boat came ashore. It was a boy with dark brown hair. He messed around with something on the control panel. "We check on the Moon Pool, set up the camera, and the head out."

"Why do both of us need to do this?" the other one asked. I felt a little jolt as I recognized him. It was the boy who had seen my wings! I sunk back further underneath the fronds, if that was possible.

"Cleo wants to see if anything different is happening during the full moon to the Moon Pool after the meteor thing. And we're both here because the camera isn't that easy to set up," the first boy replied, hauling some equipment out of the boat.

"Well, we need tu hurry. I've got things I need to do."

The first one rolled his eyes. "Come on, then," he said. They both walked towards the woods, and despite myself I pressed my face to the ground, my wings twitching involuntarily. I winced at the noise they made, rustling the bush they were pressed against. I tensed, ready to leap and make a run for it. After all, I _was_ faster and stronger than any human being. As long as they had no guns on them, I was safe.

"What was that?" the blonde one said, and I let out a string of curses in my head. This one would be the end of me. Why was it always the blondes? First that Rikki chick, now this guy.

"Will, come on!" The other one said, waiting impatiently.

Will waved an arm at the other boy and came closer. I watched, my breath held. Crisis after crisis seemed to hit me today. When Will reached to put his hand in the bush, I rose up with a strangled yell, of which both of the guys copied, stumbling back. Normally, I would've laughed at that, but now I was far past. The branches were too close, and if I flew, they'd get a good look at my wings. I set off at a run. Better them see wings on my back and assume it was a strange jacket than actually _see_ me fly. I heard footsteps after me, and grumbling, then another pair of footsteps. I sighed. And here I had hoped they'd be too stunned to follow. Silly me. Humans are just to curious to do what you want.

Running through trees isn't easy, and the only reason Will and the other boy kept up with me was because I was constantly having to jump over bushes and dodge trees. Not to mention resisting the urge to just open my wings and fly away. _No Ava! _I told myself. _Do that and you're dead! _

"Hey, you! Come back!" one of them said. I was unsure which. Voices

tend to blend to me, after years of making sure I ignored all that was spoken in my direction. I noticed a break in the trees ahead, and frowned. There was no way they just followed me across the island. It had to be bigger than that, by the stretch of the beach.

Suddenly, the trees changed to rocks, and I nearly fell face-first on the smooth, flat stones. I hopped over what seemed to be a small river, over shooting my landing, and falling not on hard rock, but falling right into a suppressing darkness, which quickly turned into a muddy slide.

4. Chapter 4

I landed at the bottom with a little thump, my wing jamming up against a rock and pulling a little yelp out of me. Wincing at the sound, I scrambled to my feet and squinted around, my eyes quickly adjusting to the dank darkness of the little cave I'd fallen into. I opened my wing a bit, testing it. It seemed okay, not mortally injured or anything. Behind me, I could hear the two boys, talking quietly, yet unsure where I'd gone. _Good,_ I thought, dusting myself off and taking a few steps into the cave, listening hard. It didn't seem that anybody else was here, though I could hear a close sound of dripping water. I frowned. It seemed to me the universe was determined that my wings would never get completely dry.

Above me, there was a shuffling sound, as if somebody was by the hole I'd fallen down. Cursing, I quickly made my way forward, towards the water sound, my feet slipping in the sand. The tunnel narrowed for a few seconds, then opened up into a small cavern, most of which was taken up by little pool of water. The dripping sound had come from an opening in the rocks above the pool, steadily leaking water down into the pool. It was nearly dark in the cavern, the only light coming from the pool itself, which was glowing with a strange light.

"Did she fall down here?" Came a voice from behind me, and I winced, looking around for a place to hide. My eyes settled on the pool once more, and I mentally cursed once more. I don't know what I'd done wrong, but somebody definitely did not like me today. I stepped over to the water, my wings tightening against my back.

"Maybe. Lets just check the Moon Pool out. We can see if she's there. If not, we can set up the camera and get going, before the moon's overhead." I sighed, steeling myself and slipping into the water as quietly as possible, my wings once again soaked. I ducked my head under just as the two boys walked in.

"Nothing's here," one said, his voice muffled by the water in my ears.

"Maybe she flew off with those wings of hers. Those _were _wings, weren't they?"

The other boy said nothing, and I pressed myself hard against the cool rock side of the pool, ready to spring out if need be and make a run for it.

"Camera's ready," one said, the dark-haired boy, I thought.

"Just on time. Here's the moon." I frowned. I'd always heard better

than anybody else, but this time I wasn't sure I had heard right. Did he say the _moon _was coming?

Suddenly, the water around me to bubble, as if it was boiling. But that was impossible. If it was boiling, I'd be dead. Frowning, I swam a bit closer to the surface, being pushed around a bit by the water.

"There she is!" one boy yelled. _Bloody..._ I thought, throwing caution to wind and popping my head, out of the water, glaring at them both. Everything was silent for a moment, the strange bubbling fading to silence. I stared at them, blinking water from my eyes, and half expecting them both to jump and try to grab me. But nothing happened. They just stared back at me, looking utterly dumfounded.

Then the blonde boy said, "I thought birds couldn't fly with water on their wings."

For some reason, that just made me angrier. "No," I snapped. "They can't. And neither can I. But you just about forced me into the water. Why were you following me, eh? Thought I was an angel? Thought you could catch me, sell me off to some museum? Or scientists? Maybe even a zoo? How about this? Did it every occur to you that maybe I don't _want _you to follow me? Because I swear to you, if you touch me I'll break _both_ of your arms and send you off floating on that boat of yours for some sailor to find."

There was another moment of silence, then the blonde boy said softly "You're the one that flew into the clouds above me on the beach earlier."

Rolling my eyes, I replied, "Yes, that was me. Nope, the wings aren't fake. I think your friend there has blown a gasket."

Something soaked in the brunette one's expression, and he frowned. "You're in the Moon Pool. And its full moon."

Sighing, I swam over to the edge and pulled myself out, my wings running off what seemed about a billion gallons of water. "There," I said. "I'm out. Happy now?" I pulled my hair out of my face, unable to remember when I'd taken the pony tail out. Then I realized I didn't have a hair band, so I let it fall, frowning in frustration. "You two might as well give me a ride back to the beach now, as I can't fly back."

"You live around here?" the blonde one said, looking surprised. "What's your name?"

"Ava." I said shortly. "I don't suppose you've got one?"

The blonde looked a bit embarrassed "It's Will," he said. "And he's Zayn." He motioned to the boy next to him.

I smiled sarcastically "Charmed. What's the camera for?"

"What are the wings for?" Zayn blurted out. I looked at him like he was insane.

"What do you think?" I said. "They're not fake, I can assure you

that, if that's what you think."

"They can't be real!" Zayn exclaimed. "Angels don't exist."

"For the_ second_ time," I said, stressing the second slightly. "I'm not an angel!"

"Then what are you?" Will asked in a soft voice. I was starting to notice he tended to speak in a soft voice a lot of the time.

"An extremely unlucky person, that's what I am," I muttered.

"But what-?" Zayn started, before Will cut in.

"Drop it. Let's just go home. Where do we drop you off?" he asked me.

"The beach you saw me at." I said, not knowing the name of it, or even the place I was around.

"Got it, let's go," he said.

It was probably about forty-five minutes later when I got home. The boys dropped me off on the beach and wordlessly roared off, though I knew they'd probably look for me later. The Zayn guy kept glancing at my back when he thought I wasn't looking. I picked up the phone and sweatshirt from the beach, pulling the sweatshirt on and walking home, following the street signs and popping into the air once when nobody was around. When I finally got in, the two white coats were waiting, as I expected. I frowned, wondering if anybody would notice if I set these two adrift in the ocean. This was going to be a long night.

****AN:** Again, sorry that took so long to get up. I had a bit of a rough... while. But this is Chapter Four! Yay! Noticed this was getting a lot more popular than I expected, so thanks to all of you who've read this, favorited me, or this story, or even reviewed! It's all really appreciated. I hope to get the next chapter up soon. Have a nice day, you guys!******

5. Chapter 5

****Author's Note:** Hey guys! Sorry this one took so long, I had it all typed up a few weeks ago, then my power went out. And deleted _everything. _After that my exams started, so I had a bit of a block period, and then summer started, and I have no excuse for that part. I was just so angry at losing my chapter I couldn't even look at fanfics for a while. It was pretty sad. Anyway, I hope you like this chapter, please review, and thank you for all the favs and follows! I really do appreciate it! I'll try and find some pictures soon for a visual aid of the house. ******

When the whitecoats finally released me to go to sleep, or as they called it, 'recouperating your energy' they had yelled at me enough I was two inches from flying the coup. But I stayed, if only because I was curious that two boys were video taping a pool of water, and were apparently ordered to do so by some girl. Stepping into my room and locking the door, I immediatly went to the window and pulled open the curtains, frowning at the sight I saw. 'Hidden' in the bushes were

the two boys, Zayn and Will. Either they were peeping, or trying to keep an eye on the 'angel.' Either way, it was overly creepy. I'd thought normal people wouldn't have the whitecoats habitual tendencies. Frowning, I yanked the curtains shut and went to the bathroom, quickly taking a shower. After I got out, I pulled on a t-shirt and some sweat pants, heading down stairs once more. I'd not eaten since this morning, and was completely ravenous.

I walked downstairs quickly, ignoring the irritating feeling of my wet hair sticking to my neck as I got to the bottom. Doing a quick 360 to check where the white coats where, I smiled when I found them in the living room, watching the television and talking. Did that mean I could check the video room? Nodding to my self, I started carefully towards the door, trying to not even create the slightest noise. All white coats seemed to have the eyes of a hawk, and the ears of a bat. Smiling at the image that created in my head, I put my hand slowly on the door knob, biting my lip nervously. I turned it carefully, wincing at the noise of the tumblers clicking. I knew only I could hear that, due to my enhanced hearing, but it still freaked me out. The door opened, and I pulled it out just enough that I could slip my head inside, peeking around the room. It wasn't much, just a wall of monitors, like in the movies, when a bad guy's camera room was shown. Still, didn't surprise me. Jakob always had been a bad guy. And irritating. And rude. And- I stopped when I heard somebody get up in the living room, and quickly pulled my head out and shut the door, staring towards the kitchen as if nothing had happened. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jakob head inside, only glancing at me, and not very suspiciously. I stepped into the kitchen and sighed in relief.

_Now... food. _I thought, looking around. _What do I even eat? _I'd never been left alone in a room with food in it in my life. It was always served to me, in a portion that was slightly big for a normal human, but a small meal for me. I went to a cabinet and pulled it open, seeing a bag of chips and pulling that out, and then moving to the refrigerator. There was a load of food inside, probably for just the reason that I ate more than normal humans. Seeing a large foot long wrapped sub inside, more than likely what Kathryn had made for dinner, I pulled it out. It was home-made, I could tell, I just hoped they hadn't slipped anything into it. Shrugging, I tucked it under my arm and shut the fridge. Kathryn walked into the kitchen, pushing open the swing door, and nodding curtly to me, before going into the cabinet and getting herself a glass. I rolled my eyes, walking out of the kitchen, and back upstairs.

Shutting my door, I looked around at the walls quickly, looking for a camera. I saw what looked like a black dot in the top left corner and stuck my tongue out at it. Then hoped that it wasn't just a spider. I set the food on my bed, and walked into the bathroom. I saw a similar dot above the mirror and sighed, getting a brush and quickly running it through my hair to get rid of some of the knots, then braided it loosely, so it didn't bother me while I slept.

Going back into my room, I sat down on the bed and opened the chips, picking up the book _City of Bones_ off of my bedside table and starting back into it. I'd nearly finished the chip bag when I heard something outside my window, on the little balcony I had, and frowned, closing the book after memorizing the page and setting it down, leaving my food to go to the window, pulling aside the curtains a small inch. She couldn't see the Zayn guy, but Will was still in

the bushes, watching with an almost worried look now. I frowned "Why worried?" I muttered, opening the window and climbing out onto the balcony.

I jumped when I got out there, for something was sitting on the edge of the balcony, just out of sight of the window. "Holy crap!" I jumped, and nearly flew off, my wings snapping halfway open before I realized who it was. "What the hell are you doing here, Zayn?" I hissed, leaning against the balcony so I looked nonchalant to the camera.

"Finding out what you are," Zayn said. "I'm not leaving until you tell me."

"What about Will?" I snapped. "Why's he here?"

"To make sure you don't kill me," Zayn said. "Though I doubt angels would be allowed to do that."

"I'm not an angel, and I will do that if you don't leave!" I snapped. "If you're caught here, bad things won't just happen to you, I'll have to take off, and who knows how long it'll take them to track me down. And this time they won't try letting me out again."

"So you're some kind of prisoner?" Zayn said, leaning forward a bit.

I pushed his head back, glancing at the dot in the corner of my room nervously. "Yes, sort of," I said. "So stay back."

"Whatcha in for?" Zayn said with a smile that I didn't return.

"For being born," I said shortly. "Enough info for you? I have about five minutes before Jakob starts wondering what's going on up here."

Zayn sighed "You gonna promise me to tell me the rest?"

"If you leave!" I whispered hotly, pushing him slightly. "Now go!"

Zayn shrugged "Okay then," he said. "Come to Rikki's after you're out of school tomorrow."

"Okay, go!" I said.

Zayn smiled "Bye, Ava," he said, before starting to climb back down the balcony. I slipped inside and shut the window, putting a bored look on my face as I went back to my bed and finished off my chips and unwrapped the sandwich. I heard a car drive off a few minutes later and tried not to sigh in relief, sitting on the bed. I finished the sandwich as quick as I could, leaning back on the bed when I was finished, getting back up after a moment to throw away the trash in the trashcan under the sink in the bathroom.

I'm sorry this is so short, it's one of the those have-to chapters, to get past a little point somebody showed to me. But don't worry, next chapter she'll do something other than eat food!

6. Chapter 6

****Authors Note:** Hey guys! So, another chapter to this. Starting to think this story might end up extremely long. A lot longer than any of my other stories anyways, on fanfic or off. So, please review, tell me things I did wrong, ect; I'm not afraid of people reprimanding me if I messed up. I'd do it to you. Also, sorry this took so long, I forgot my password and wasn't able to get on! I feel absolutely terrible about it. This chapter may end up short so I can get this message out as quickly as possible. Anyway, here it is!

The next morning, I woke to a loud buzzing noise. Yelping in fright, I rolled out of bed and to the floor with a thump, my wings half extending as I got into a defensive position and looked around. The noise continued and a relaxed after a moment, my gaze scanning the room. As far as I could tell, I was safe, but where was that coming from!? It took me a moment to find it, then I realized the sound was coming from the clock on my bedside table. I frowned. Oh. I thought. It's the alarm. Feeling rather stupid, I went over and turned it off, looking at the time curiously and moaning in irritation. 7:00 AM. I had thought when we came to Australia I'd get to at least sleep in some, but apparently not. At least it's better than my 5:00 AM wake up time in the Lab. Anything was better than the Lab though. Skipping a shower, I changed into a pair of jeans, some band t-shirt, and a sweatshirt. Same as yesterday. They wanted me to blend in, not stand out. And I was perfectly fine with that.

By the time I got downstairs, the white coats had made breakfast. Well, one of them anyway. Kathryn made toast, and Jakob was... somewhere. Probably spying on either me or the area around the house. Whatever. I sat down silently and ate, I got to piece 5 before I got bored and stood once more, taking the plate and putting it in the sink. "Leaving now," I said, going to the door.

"Forgetting something?" Jakob asked. I jumped, and my wings rippled beneath the sweatshirt, making the white coat frown. "Don't do that outside the house, it might give you away," he said. "And you need a backpack. School supplies. Remember?"

I frowned. I remembered, but not from my experience. From the information they'd planted in my brain. "Yeah," I replied. "But I don't have one. You expect me to make one appear out of thin air. You're the white coat, you should know you can't make something from nothing."

Jakob frowned at me silently for a moment before wordlessly disappearing in the living room. He came out with a black backpack, and shoved it in my arms. It was heavy, but not too heavy. I'd check inside later. Right now I just wanted to escape. "Okay, I've got the junk. I'm going now." I turned and opened the door, stepping out. There were no protests this time. It was worrisome how easy of a morning that seemed to be. What were they planning?

Walking to school was easy. We weren't far, and I simply had to follow the flow of other teenagers heading in the same direction. When I got there, I stopped. This is where confusion started. I was supposed to report to the headmaster's office, for my schedule. Only, I didn't know where that was. I was still contemplating that thought when I felt a tap on my shoulder and span around, every muscle in my

body tightening.

"Woah!" Will said, backing up. "Cool it!"

I frowned at him, straightening, but still tense. Just in case. "Aren't you one of those who graduated? Why are you here?" I asked, not bothering to keep the venom out of my voice.

"I..." he looked blank for a moment, and my eyes narrowed further.

"Will!" I heard a new voice, and whipped around, to see the three girls from yesterday coming over. Bella was one of them... I don't remember the others. "You found her!"

"Found?" I snapped. "Why on earth would you want to find me?" I glanced around nervously. Attention was being attracted, but not too much. I glanced at the clock on the wall, wondering what time I had to be at the headmaster's office.

"We heard you were new here!" the brown haired one- Cleo, I remembered in a flash of thought- jumped in. "We wanted to help show you around. We used to go here to."

I frowned. Not believing it a bit. "All four of you?" I asked.

"Uh, yeah." Bella said. "We, uhh, thought we could make up for yesterday. We were a bit rude. Right Rikki?" she glanced at the last girl, the rude one, pointedly, and she shrugged.

"Sure," Rikki said. It may not seem so to others, but all I heard in her voice was sarcasm. What on earth had I done to tick her off?

I shrugged. I was lost as it is. What was it too me if they were all nuts? I had school, they didn't. They only had until first bell, when I had to leave. "I have to get to the headmaster's office," I replied. "But if you can show me where that is, feel free to follow me around like a bunch of stalkers." I turned and started to walk in a random direction.

"Uhhh... you... sorry I don't know your name," Cleo said. "But the headmaster's office is the other way."

I frowned. Figured I'd mess up while trying to act as if I knew what I was doing. "It's Ava," I said as I turned and walked in the other direction. "And thanks."

I said it'd be short didn't I? It'll be longer next chapter, promise. Just wanted to let you guys know I didn't bail!

7. Chapter 7

HIII. So yeah, it's been a REALLY long time since I updated this. I was on a bit of an... unexpected... vacation. I wasn't able to update any stories, or even warn people where I was going. Now I'm back! I plan to keep writing all of my stories, so don't worried, From Feathers to Scales WILL end. Eventually... Anyway, on to the story.

****Disclaimer:** Blah, blah, blah, only my OCs are mine, and the house, ect;. Everything else belongs to either James Patterson or the H2O people. Whomever they are... **

I thought I'd made it perfectly clear that I didn't want to be followed, but apparently nothing I said was clear with these people. Cleo, Bella, Rikki, and Will were all following me as I headed in the direction Cleo had indicated to be the direction of the headmaster's office. "Your jacket isn't working too well," Rikki pointed out, poking her back curiously. I stiffened and stepped away, shooting a glare in her direction.

"I know," I replied. "I look like a hunchback. Anything else you need to say, Captain Obvious?" I adjusted my sweatshirt a bit, trying to make it look more poofy, and hopefully hide the large lump on my back a bit better. It was obviously a guy's sweatshirt, it went down to my thighs, covering every bit of my wings, which, when folded, went down a bit past my hips.

"Why don't you just--"

"Rikki," Cleo interrupted, looking a bit worried. "You started it."

"Yeah, yeah," Rikki grumbled, an angry expression on her face.

I rolled my eyes and continued walking, avoiding the other people flooding the hallways, halfway hoping my four tails would get left behind. It was then I saw the sign for the Headmaster's office hanging up above the corridor, and nearly smiled in complete joy.

"Hey, Ava," Bella said, grabbing hold of my arm before I could enter. "Just a bit of a head's up, avoid water today, okay?"

I raised an eyebrow, resisting the urge to laugh. Avoid water. That was like telling me to avoid air. "I kind of need water to live, you know," I replied, folding my arms across my chest, and mentally cursing the backpack straps, which folded uncomfortably under my arms. How do normal people live with it?

"That's not what I mean," replied Bella. She sounded serious, though a smile was touching the corners of her mouth. "Don't let it touch your skin, just in case. You can drink water, but use a straw. Stuff like that."

I frowned, confused. "Okay... but why?"

"We can't tell you," Cleo replied. She almost seemed to have a permanent worried expression plastered to her face. "Just... can you come by Rikki's later today? We'll explain everything there. I promise."

"Everything." I repeated, raising an eyebrow.

"Everything," Bella nodded, and pushed me towards the headmaster's office. "Hurry, no headmaster likes to be kept waiting. Good luck on your first day!" The rest of them seemed to take that as an order to leave. Rikki turned, storming off, and Cleo followed her, looking worried. Bella sighed, and waved, heading off.

"Bye, Ava," Will said with a smile, turning and jogging after the three girls.

"Irritating humans," I muttered when they were out of earshot, turning to the headmaster's office door. Suddenly, a wave of nerves came over me. Thus far, I'd only dealt with white coats and a few obnoxious teenagers. How was I supposed to be polite to this person AND not offend him? That was about as impossible as the prospect of keeping my wings secret for more than a day. Sighing inwardly, I steeled myself for the worst, and pushed the door open.

The headmaster's office was boring. I'd expected a number of things, anything from a room plastered with school merchandise to an area filled with bustling people working on school-related problems. Neither of those guesses were right. The headmaster was sitting at a plain wooden desk in the back of a blue painted room, the walls of which were covered simply in a few documents and paintings. Behind the desk was a large bookshelf covered in an assortment of books, figurines, trophies, and other such items. At the desk sat a man in a black suit, doing something with papers.

"Hello, Ava," he said, looking up from what he was doing. At the sight of his face, my mouth simply dropped open. My wings stiffened, and I resisted the urge to simply run away and hide.

"J-Jakob?"

**Woooo! Sorry if that was bad, I'm getting back into the swing if things, and I typed this on my phone... Anyway, reviews loved, criticism accepted, ect; Thank you for reading! **

End
file.